

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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Jasper's Note Book

Within a few hours the other day the Edmonton fire brigade responded to no less than seven alarms. Two of the fires were of a serious character in a district that has long been a source of considerable dread to the chief and his men, for the reason that all about are buildings that once they were in flames could easily form the nucleus of a conflagration that would sweep the greater part of the city. Yet the loss was not large, and the very unique record which Edmonton has for freedom from disastrous fires was maintained. But it is only by the most thorough organization and by constant watchfulness and discipline that we are spared heavy fire ravages. The city has done well to give Chief Davidson the support that he has had. It is not misplaced, and it is to be hoped that when on future occasions he comes forward with new requests he will be given the consideration that so energetic and intelligent a public servant is entitled to.

For with changing civic conditions, new and difficult problems will have to be faced. The great danger from fire loss appears to be when a community is hardly large enough to support the most efficient fire-fighting service, and again when with industrial and commercial growth the era of large buildings and congested population arrives. This week in our own province we have seen the business section of the flourishing town of Lacombe devastated for the second time in four years. Last week Chicago and Philadelphia suffered tremendous loss, accompanied by the sacrifice of many lives.

In the former city Fire Chief Horan and two assistants lost their lives to the flames of duty. The tributes that have been paid to the memory of Horan show that he had all the qualities of a great leader. He inspired devotion among his followers to a remarkable extent, and the story of his last fight is as thrilling and as inspiring as any that the annals of either war or peace has produced. Yet his name would have been an unfamiliar one to those outside his immediate field of operations if death had not come to him as he went about his work. Herein we note the disadvantage, so far as the winning of renown goes, that the heroes of peace labor under as compared with those whose feats are performed on the field of battle. The dangers that they face are in many respects more terrifying than those which the men under arms have to encounter. But till the fireman is engulfed in a burning building, the public takes little notice of what he is doing. It is all in a day's work for him.

The present generation has seen very great changes in the methods of fighting fire. It used to be that the brigades did much more harm than the fire itself. The old voluntary organizations invariably went in for spectacular performances and insisted on drowning out all fires, whether big or little. I well remember an occasion a quarter of a century ago when my father's business establishment caught fire during the night. He arrived on the ground before the brigade. The blaze was a small one and it was apparent that it could be handled with a few pails of water. He had all the doors locked and he and those with him got to work. When the firemen arrived, they were informed that their services were not required. But having laid their hose, they considered that they were in duty bound to deluge the premises and the hook and ladder men were smashing in an upstairs window when the chief was induced to call them off. They went on the theory that if the fire did not amount to anything, it should be assumed to do so, in order that their full energies might be called forth. The explanation of this policy is a simple one. The man whose property was protected was expected to make a donation to the volunteers. This was the excuse for a celebration which lasted over several days. It was accordingly in the interests of the brigade to make each blaze appear as serious as was possible.

All this, of course, indicates a very primitive state of affairs. But it is doubtful, if it appears any more so to us to-day than will the conditions that now exist to the generations that succeed us. The great change that is bound to come before long will not be in the direction of making fire-fighting agencies more efficient. In well-managed municipalities, these could not very well be more so. What must be attempted is to lessen the chances that fire will break out and secure a headway.

Mr. Croker, the chief of the New York Fire Brig-

ade, says that if he were given police powers to enforce the orders for prevention of fires, he could cut down the loss by fires in New York by 25 per cent. for the first year, and indefinitely more the second year. Most city fires, he says, are caused by rags and refuse; inside stairways, and dumb waiters spread most of them; while tall buildings, more than anything else, hamper the fighting of fires. He would limit high buildings to about 85 feet, or seven stories. In this connection, Mr. Franklin H. Wentworth, secretary and treasurer of the National Fire Protection Association, has issued a warning that the possibility of a holocaust, the greatest in history, is always present in New York. He says there are at least a thousand factory buildings in New York so dangerous in case of fire that if the workers in them realized it they would refuse to enter. The fire waste each year in the United States is \$250,000,000, or \$600 a minute for every hour of the twenty-four hours in a day. As Mr. Wentworth reiterates, this affects everyone in a subtle as indirect taxation. "The trouble with us is," he says, "that we are overcome with the idea that the insurance companies pay this. They don't. How could they and remain solvent? Insurance companies are merely the collectors and distributors of this tax on the people, which is borne by all—rich and poor alike." This should be elementary, but evidently it is not. He might have added that there is a very considerable loss in the process which the public also bears, share and share alike. Mr. Wentworth finds in the present situation matter of psychological interest. The mind is numbed by the repetition of disastrous fires and also to ever-present danger in, for instance, the huge skyscrapers, where there is always possibility of fire rushing through the upper floors above where water is readily available. The consequences would be appalling. Some of those buildings in New York have a population in other floors equal to that of a large town, all of which is practically dependent on the elevators for exit. Matches are a frequent cause of fires. In Europe matches have defined places where they are kept, to which one must go if a match is wanted; but both in the United States and Canada, matches are often to be seen lying about in every room, and they are very generally kept loose in the pocket. A thousand fires were started in Chicago alone by matches last year. The great point insisted on by Chief Croker, Mr. Wentworth and others is that fires are preventable.

The British Medical Journal declares that murderers are generally amiable, kindly and sympathetic so long as their weak wills are not thwarted. Murderers are not murderers all the time; neither are heroes always heroic, or artists always sublime. This is a discovery which W. S. Gilbert made a score of years ago when he made the policeman in "The Pirates of Penzance" offer the observation that—

When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling
And the cutthroat isn't occupied with crime,
They love to hear the gentle brook a-gurgling
And listen to the merry village chime.

The article from the Trade Gazette published in last week's Saturday News, told an interesting story. No one, who knows conditions, can doubt as to what the future holds for Edmonton as a wholesale centre. But it will surprise many to learn of the progress that has already been made. The victory which the Board of Trade has just won before the railway commission will help not a little in strengthening the city's position. Up to the present the rate on goods from the east has been that to Winnipeg plus that from Winnipeg to Edmonton. The commission has now decided that the through rate to Edmonton must be less than the sum of these two. This is bound to make a big difference in meeting the competition of Winnipeg wholesalers.

The retiring city council provided for the submission of by-laws to the extent of \$465,000 to the citizens next month. Another \$175,000 it is proposed to spend on exhibition park. This is a large sum, following on last year's outlay, but there is no question of the value of the work being done, and the investment being a good one. Manager Harrison is proceeding along the right line in emphasizing the stock end of the exhibition. Edmonton has a fine chance of becoming a great live stock centre and the fair association does well to keep this object at all times in view.

The wisdom of spending \$164,000, at this stage, on another bridge across the Saskatchewan river is doubtful. It will have to come eventually but with

all the demands that there are upon civic funds at the present moment, wouldn't it be well to postpone the expenditure till there is more pressing need for it? However, most of us are prepared to receive with open minds what those who are pushing the project have to say for it.

The investment of \$91,250 in industrial sites is a good proposition. There is no form of inducement to manufacturers less open to objection than the providing of locations for them on reasonable terms. Besides, the policy will tend to concentrate industries which helps very materially in building up a town along rational lines.

The Griffin plant became with the New Year the property of The Swift Canadian Company. The change is a good one for Edmonton. Though it has been known all along that the great Chicago packing concern was behind the local industry, to have its name actually identified with it, is bound to help us materially. A city that the Swifts consider it worth while spending a million dollars in is apt to appeal to the average investor as one that it will pay him to keep his eye on.

A Toronto man is suing that city for \$30,000 damages for the death of his four-year-old boy who, it is claimed, was admitted to the hospital suffering from diphtheria, and subsequently contracted scarlet fever and measles. The movement is gaining strength in Toronto for the total abandonment of the isolation hospital idea. After Judge Winchester's report, which I quoted a few weeks ago, it is certainly up to the health authorities to justify the existing method of treating contagious disease.

The removal of Rev. Robert Pearson to Red Deer will cause regret in Edmonton. He is a splendid type of the robust young Christian minister and should have a career of great usefulness ahead of him.

Everybody must hope that the confidence expressed by Mr. S. B. Woods, K.C., on the outcome of the C. P. R. taxation case will prove to be justified. In any event, the interests involved are so great that it was well worth the province's while to make a try, and Mr. Woods has thrown industry and energy into the work of preparation which it is to be hoped will be amply rewarded by the result.

What does the appointment of Dr. Kennedy of Macleod as a member of the newly constituted Board of Governors of the University mean? The Macleod Advertiser, dropping into Latin, as befits the discussion of an academic topic, observes that the doctor is evidently persona grata with the government despite his controversy with the Chancellor and the President some time ago. It will be remembered that at that time he had a great deal of fault to find with the management of the University, though it was apparent from the newspaper controversy that followed that he had not taken a great deal of trouble to acquaint himself thoroughly with what was being done and that he was quite alone among the members of the Senate in the views which he expressed.

His appointment to the new body looks like a deliberate expression of want of confidence on the part of the government in those who have been in control of the University up to the present. What have they done to deserve this? Those who have done what they could to place difficulties in their way cannot have the sympathy of any large section of the people of the province. The campaign which they have been conducting has been purely and unreasonably at all stages, and if the government proposes to play into their hands, the outlook for the institution, which can be made to mean so much for the province, is anything but a bright one.

The visit of the Western farmers to Ottawa has at least had one good effect. It has placed the interests which up to the present have in tariff matters had the ear of the government strictly on the defensive. They are prepared, it is evident, to put up a strong fight against such changes as the farmers have asked. Already their after-dinner and editorial page heavyweights are working over time. Leading newspapers of both parties are vociferating that Eastern interests must not be sacrificed to the unreasonable demands of the men from the prairies. During the past week, Mr. T. A. Russell, an ex-secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, spoke before the Toronto Canadian Club. His address has been generally accepted as the reply of the manufacturers to the farmers' demands.

That it was unusually clever plea few who have

read it will deny. Briefly, his contention was that the Western farmer was better off than any other class in the Dominion, that a beneficent government had done everything for him, and that what he needed was not more assistance but the adoption of agricultural methods which would build up the country, not drain it of its natural wealth, as the craze for wheat growing was undoubtedly doing. The East, he contended, was in any case a much more important part of the Dominion, to consider. Leaving other industries aside, its agricultural output was greater. The dairy produce of Ontario alone approached in value the whole of the Western wheat crop, its hay crop was more valuable, and so was the quantity of live stock killed in the old province in the course of a single year.

Mr. Russell, as all the others who have undertaken to discuss the question have done, quite ignores the fact that the depopulation which visited Ottawa was composed of Easterners as well as Westerners, and that the men who go in for dairying and live stock and hay in Ontario have as much to gain from a moderate tariff as have the men from the other part of the Dominion.

Besides, we can hardly at this stage of development afford to shape our policy altogether on the strength of present conditions. We are just entering on what we believe to be an era of great growth, and no one is likely to argue that this will not take place for the most part to the west of the Lakes. We all know that it was only when the West began to open up, a decade or so ago, that Canada came to the front on the world's stage. It would be very surprising if the Western provinces could show the wealth at the present moment of those to the East. But one can hardly study the map of Canada without realizing that the future lies with them. If this is the case, it is not wise to shape public policy so as to aid expansion along such lines as will show the greatest results?

The West is not unreasonable. It desires no violent changes that will injure the industries of the East, but it does claim that the men who are doing the real work of nation-building, those who have gone out on the land in this Western country and opened it up, are entitled to first consideration. To speak of their lot as an easy one is to falsify all experience. The rewards are great, but they are invariably won in the face of difficulties that can only be overcome by intelligent and unremitting toil.

Mr. Russell tells about all that the rest of the country has done in the providing of railway facilities and in helping in other ways. For the greater part of what the West has received it has paid a big price and paid it directly. It has been by land grants and government guarantees, accompanied by taxation exemptions, that aid has for the most part been given to railways. The burden of all this has been borne wholly by the West. As for that which the East has assumed its share of, repayment has been made over and over again in the trade benefits which the opening up of the new provinces has given Eastern manufacturers and merchants.

The fact that a large proportion of Western farmers are not pursuing the proper agricultural methods has really nothing to do with the tariff controversy. Does Mr. Russell mean to argue that with a lower tariff there would be more wheat in proportion to other farm products grown than at present. Unless he means this, his reference to agricultural methods leads nowhere. The chances are that, with the market to the south made available, it would pay him very much better to go in for diversified farming than it does now. He has to ship very long distances at present to get a market. Wheat lends itself best to this.

Mr. Russell is very much exercised over the lack of interest which the farmers displayed, when in the East, in the facilities being provided for handling their products through the ports there. They seemed very much more interested in the Hudson's Bay and the Pacific route. Can they be blamed, if by means of these they get the commodities that they have for sale more cheaply to the European markets. They can hardly be expected to be content with a smaller net return for their sales for the sake of building up Montreal and other Eastern ports.

At present they are undoubtedly under a great disability on account of the long haul to the Atlantic. The Saturday News has never been very enthusiastic about the Hudson's Bay route, so far as this province is concerned. But it does believe that, with

(Continued on page 4)



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And give oneself a world of pain;
Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
Impetuous, supple—God knows what
For what's all one to have or not:
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain!
For 'tis not joy, it is not gain,
It is not in itself a bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us all alive."

—Arthur Hugh Clough

I have passed a not uninteresting hour this morning glancing through "The Mirror" for five years back.

the world with them to keep them sweet and true, the memory of such blessed occasions, if one eliminated this thing called Policy.

No numbers, but honest and heart-whole interest count in bringing about results, and I am persuaded that if each man and woman devoted his and her time to the particular charities, etc., that really engaged his or her particular interest, we should accomplish far more in the end, and save a great deal of time, worry and nerve-rack in the interval. Every person surely has some interest—some unselfish interest in life. Few

frills where I should be concerning myself with "questions of real moment."

Where he of course goes wrong, is in insisting that all persons should see things from his particular viewpoint in life. Between ourselves I find him and his enthusiasms exceedingly ponderous and tiresome—and I don't care if he reads this and knows I do. We're both right according to our own idea of things. In every village there must be one of each kind of us. The play "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," I only know it from hearing it described by people who have seen it, but I deal, I understand, with the occupants of a boarding-house, such boarders, my Mirrors, as populate every boarding-house, I think under Heaven, and which one way or another, classed both You and Me.

There is the *Slut*—a body may be a Slut, mark you, in more ways than one. The Painted Lady—do you remember Her who walked through

I loathe wet plaster. I don't like the "shine" steamed out of my wood-work. In fact, I feel like saying one big bad word every time this little incident overtakes us. The conditions that produce burst pipes, or the alternately—I don't know which—apparatus to have a law effect on my thinking apparatus. I am always particularly vicious—and the Occupants much the same—when the pipes burst.

This time I went up to have a talk with the Plumber.

What was the cause? Surely the pipes all over town with one accord, though it is 30 degrees below don't go on strike? I asked

"Very simple cause," burst back the Plumber. "He is an admirable Scotch boy with a mouth fit to be

cent. "Some law has put the pipes, plumb up against the outside wall."

"But I thought you always did that on purpose to help the plumbing business," I ventured, to be answered by a "Now ye're making fun o' me." But believe me I wasn't, not for one moment. There is rhyme and reason in everything—there can be no reason in placing pipes in the most exposed position in the house, except to make joyous rhymes on how the Plumbers are Raking in the Shekels.

I am in despair sometimes as I set one hard-earned dollar chasing another down Jasper Avenue.

I wonder how we all keep going, and what's the use, and shall we ever get away to California, and a whole heap of other "shall's" and wonders. For life seems to be one mighty labor for a very little getting, and we are all getting "on" but not "there." Is there anything in life, I wonder, but striving? Does one never, never, never "arrive" at any place, to catch one's breath? Will no Millionaire stop to tell me how he feels about it, no Successful Man how worth while the business is, after you have had your ticket of fame doled out to you?

I read, last night, Washington Irving's essay on "The Muxability of Literature." Do you know the passage where he speaks of taking down a little thick book, or a slim volume, and turning it over? The wee book, that had lain full two hundred years all undisturbed on the shelves of Westminster Abbey Library, save when the old vergers took it down for a dusting, or the Dean mayhap took a fleeting glance, and then hurried off to the Outside World.

"How much," he writes, "has each of these volumes, now thrust aside with such indifference, cost some aching head! How many weary days! How many sleepless nights! How have their authors buried themselves in the solitude of cells and cloisters, shut themselves up from the face of shut themselves up from the fact of nature, and devoted themselves to painful research and intense reflection! And all for what? To occupy an inch of dusty shelf—to have the title of their works read now and then in a future age by some drowsy churchman or casual straggler like myself; and in another age to be lost, even to remembrance. Such is the amount of this boasted immortality. A mere temporary rumor, a local sound; like the tone of that bell which has just tolled among these towers, filling the ear but a moment—lingering transiently in echo—and then

passing away like a thing that was not!"

Of more things than fame and books can we not query—"And all for what?"

Peggy

The farmer who sets a good, straight fence also sets a good example.

People like to be taken for what they are worth, except when the tax assessor visits them.

The mole never waits for something to turn up; he goes right out and does it himself.



Photograph, courtesy of the author and Underwood, New York.

IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY Y.

This picture, which was taken only a few months ago, shows Tolstoy surrounded by his family. The Countess is sitting beside him with her arm about her grandson. Another grandson stands at the right of the picture. The others in the picture are his sons and daughters.

Five years!—Eternity—a Day! It all depends upon the mood you are in, how you look at it.

Perhaps it is a weakness of mine, I know a great many think it so, that The Mirror is a fairly good barometer of the mood I am in at the moment. "One should write," argues one, "not oneself into such columns, but the ideas and opinions of women in general."

"But how," I ask you in return, "can I voice the sentiments of my sisters as a whole, when I don't even pretend to share them?" One woman would have me devote more space to Clubland. Accounts of meetings I have, or have not attended. Another would like more attention given to church matters, domestic affairs, books—the list is endless.

But you haven't read this column for five years not to have guessed that I am frankly, very little interested in "meetings," and that I count the majority of them a decided waste of very valuable time. Three hours at a wretch, to settle a detail or two that could be as readily disposed of in about five minutes, neither interests nor edifies me. It amuses me if you will, but that is another story.

Why then should I set out, and make a huge fraud of myself in the doing so, to tell of the very "interesting and instructive gathering held at So-and-So," etc., when to be honest, I should have to confess to you, as many of you do to me, that I am bored to death with it all, and only attend because it is wiser to do so.

If we eliminated "policy" from our gatherings, Great Caesar's Ghost! where should we be at all, at all, at all!

I don't advocate its abolishment, I wouldn't be guilty of such a heroic shaking up of all our accepted ideas, but one may wonder I suppose how many nervous would find a wretched waiting till the crack of doom for a quorum, and incidentally what an imbecile would be given to the dear, and ever rarer type of home life our ancestors knew, when father, mother and children shared their evening round, a common hearth, and built up, and later took out into

are born Jacks-of-All-Trades. I maintain a woman owes it to herself to be allowed to specialize.

If I have wandered in devious places, and covered a wide territory without apparently accomplishing anything, believe me it is not because I have not had a very genuine curiosity to inform myself, or that I have set out to hold The Mirror for you only at an entertaining angle.

I must do my good and evil in my own way. I can't be you, or set through your particular lens of glasses. I must gaze through my own, and my pince-nez are concerned, I find, with magnifying the little seemingly unimportant affairs of life, more than in taking in the seemingly larger

I like to write about the things that concern me at the moment. Little tragedies of the kitchen, the wit or humor of a Bridge-party, the petty annoyances that rise up to smite an ordinary person every day in the year, the common joys of existence, the heart-breaking sadnesses. Is it not true what I wrote to you last week about "The Passing of Pierrot," that the world is "a little village?"

If I find things this way and that in it, ten to one you find them just so too. The finding should constitute a bond of interest between us. My despair at broken household gods you have experienced too at one time or another. My disappointment in a maid or a friend, you have also known.

I am an ordinary woman facing rather ordinary conditions. Children of a common village, you in your little house round the corner, and you in your pretentious red-brick residence at the edge of the village, does not hope and despair, and joy and sorrow have one meaning for us all!

Experiences vary only in kind. "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins."

Remember I write for both of you, and I am sometimes hard on to know who I like writing for best. A man last week told me I was a "trifler." That I wrote of froth and

Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." The Frick, the Artist, the Money Shark, and the Land-lady herself.

Go to a London drawing room and you will find their counterparts, or look around you in Edmonton and here they are again.

"Same little village, same people, different stage setting and a few changes in our outer garments." That's all, and yet some people wonder if they'll have to go to the same Heaven as Someone Else. That's the Snob of The Third Floor Back.

This morning the pipes burst up in the bath-room, and a shower-bath sportively sprinkled the occupants of the Kitchen. I think this makes about the tenth burst in the same place since we have occupied the house.



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AN ELECTION NIGHT IN OLD LONDON.

The above sketch was made by Matania in Trafalgar Square, early in the recent campaign. The later polling aroused little public interest.

PROMINENT MEN AND WELL KNOWN WOMEN

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NELSON BANISTER, Esq., (Capt. "A" Squadron, 12th Manitoba Dragoons) of Oak Lake, Manitoba, says:—"I was stricken with Sciatica and Neuralgia of the Heart—was in bed for six weeks—I tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and it completely cured me. Today, my whole family use 'Fruit-a-lives'."

PAUL J. JONES, Esq., retired merchant of Saratoga, Ont., testified: "I suffered for 25 years with Constipation, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Stomach. I gave 'Fruit-a-lives' a trial and find it the only remedy that does me good and I cannot praise it too highly."

Mrs. LIZZIE BAXTER, 5 Home Place, Toronto,—"I was a terrible sufferer from Rheumatism for nearly a year. Two doctors treated me but I became a helpless cripple. I saw 'Fruit-a-lives' advertised and decided to take it. After taking five boxes, I was well."

HENRY SPERRE, Esq., the well known Justice of The Peace of Moorefield, Ont., "I suffered from severe indigestion for almost two years and became almost a skeleton. Two experienced doctors pronounced my case hopeless. My son asked me to try 'Fruit-a-lives' and from the outset of taking these wonderful tablets, I was better and 'Fruit-a-lives' completely cured me."

W. JONES, Esq., a well known and highly esteemed citizen of Grande Ligne, P. Q., says: "I heartily recommend 'Fruit-a-lives' to all who suffer with Constipation."

H. MARCHESSAULT (High Constable of Province of Quebec), St. Hyacinthe, says: "Fruit-a-lives" cured me of Chronic Pain in the Back."

EDWIN ORAM, Esq., of Sydney Mines, N. S., writes: "For many years, I suffered from Indigestion and Dyspepsia—lost 25 pounds—and thought the disease was Cancer. After taking three boxes of 'Fruit-a-lives', I was much better and now I can say that 'Fruit-a-lives' has entirely cured me."

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THE CITY'S NEED OF OPEN SPACES

A paper read at a joint meeting of the Edmonton Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire on Tuesday Jan. 10 by Gertrude Balmer Watt

At a time when every great city of both the Old and the New Worlds is considering projects which will add to its dignity, beauty and healthfulness, when large appropriations are being made to undo the mistake of allowing them to grow in haphazard fashion, the people of Edmonton have particular need to take note of what is being done along these lines.

We can hardly expect that a community which is the growth of centuries or which has come suddenly to the front for some altogether unlooked-for reason to have done very much in the way of providing for a large population. Having been unconscious of its destiny in its early years, it has taken little thought of anything but the present. Where, however, in the day of small things, there is the plainest indication of what is to follow, where opinion both at home and abroad is unanimous as to the great things in store, it must be considered folly of the most consummate character, not to make adequate provision for what the future has to offer.

This is our position in Edmonton. Ten years ago, there might have been some reasonable doubt as to the place which we were likely to make for ourselves. Five years ago, such doubt was a thing of the past. Nothing, it was apparent then, could hold the young city back. That was the time for elaborating a general city plan and purchasing such land as was necessary for carrying it out. The council of that day was alive to a slight extent to the necessity for action and purchased two properties for park purposes, one to the east and the other to the west of the city. The value of these has trebled since then. The former has been put to excellent use during the past year by the establishment of the Exhibition grounds there, along with a general recreation park which is bound to prove a great benefit to everyone in that part of the city.

The pity is that the council did not go further at that juncture in our history. It will be remembered that shortly afterwards the government of the province brought a landscape architect of distinction to Edmonton for the purpose of advising it on the question of laying out the grounds around the new parliament building. This time there was taken advantage of by the council and he was asked to prepare a general civic improvement scheme. This he did and a most attractive document it was that he presented. It urged that there should be no delay in securing the land that would be required for an adequate park and parkway system for the city. The completion of this could wait till the municipality felt better able to stand the financial expense involved but it would be a heavy loss with the large increase in land values that were certain if it did not make the actual purchases then.

But his report was pigeon-holed and no action whatever taken upon it. How we have suffered through failing to pay heed to his warnings every one who knows anything about the increase of Edmonton real estate values within the past few years is quite aware. Now with a population of 30,000 and expansion, at a rate far beyond what we have seen in the past, in prospect for the immediate future, we are waking up to the absolute necessity of doing something. It is not too late to accomplish much and further delay will cause still greater heartburnings five and ten years hence but it is regrettable that the problem was not boldly faced when it first arose.

There is more of a disposition on the part of the present council to make a move in the direction indicated than has been manifested by any of its predecessors. Public sentiment is being aroused to the necessity of action and in stimulating this and in thus assuring thorough-going measures, the Daughters of the Empire and similar organizations can do a work which will redound in a large measure to the future good of the city.

"The Need of Open Spaces," is the subject assigned to me today. The creation and preservation of these is an important feature of the movement which goes by the name of "city-planning" and which is achieving most remarkable results in both Europe and America. Every German city of 25,000 people has a department of its municipal government devoted to problems of city extension and improvement. Mr. George E. Hooker has devoted considerable attention to the activities of the Fatherland in this connection, and writes:—

"The authorities have set up the ideal of a city, which in arrangement and structure, should be a rational unity."

There was a time when all houses were built on the installment plan, an addition here and an addition there being made as the family needs increased. The original house was not constructed with any idea of expansion and when two or three enlargements had been made it was a wonderful hodge-podge, uncomfortable and unsightly. We all of us have seen such structures. Today few people go on this principle. If they cannot afford the house that they desire, they at least plan that which they do build in such a way that it can be added to later in harmony with the original design.

If there is need for taking thought of the future in connection with a dwelling, how much more so with what is destined to be a large city. This is the idea that underlies the city planning movement and there can be question that it is thoroughly in keeping with general notions of common-sense. It is quite as important for a city to consider its attractiveness, its comfort, and the facilities which it affords for living a clean, healthy life, as it is for an individual householder to take note of these things in planning his own home. Indeed, unless the city does its duty, it is of little use for the home-builder to exert himself. With the things that are altogether out of keeping.

The providing of open spaces on scientific principles began under Napoleon III, when a great engineer, George Eugene Haussmann, a man whose name deserves to be much better known than it is, came to the front. It is due to him that Paris has been for close to half a century by all odds the most beautiful city in the world and so much does it cherish the reputation which he gave it that it continues to spend each year vast sums in maintaining its position.

In this country we are more apt to be governed by the example afforded us by the cities across the border than by any furnished from European experience. The first place among American cities for a comprehensive park system must be accorded to Boston. Within eleven miles of the Boston State House there are over 15,000 acres of park land and twenty-five miles of parkway. In ten years the park commission spent over eleven million dollars. The state has recognized that it had a duty in assisting in the work of improving its capital city and in 1903 appropriated not less than \$3,000,000 for the purpose. Does not Alberta owe a similar duty to Edmonton?

A study of the map of Boston and indeed, of every city with a park system laid out on scientific lines, shows that the open spaces are evenly distributed, large areas on the outskirts like the Long Woods and Blue Hills, while in the central portions are numerous small breathing-spots. It is also to be noted that connecting all of the larger parks are parkways, allowing a continuous drive of mile after mile amid park surroundings.

Boston has not only the finest park system in America. It has twenty municipal playgrounds, so located that every child in the city is within half a mile of one of them. There are besides large athletic grounds, to reach which no boy has to journey more than a mile.

No city has a right to allow a large population to spring up within its borders without making such provision for its rising generations. Those who have families of their own know how deplorably off we are in Edmonton in this particular.

(Continued on page seven.)

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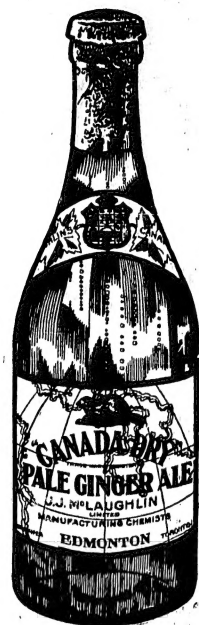
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Home and Society

Mrs. Bulyea will receive on Thursday, January 19th, from four to six.

The 19th Alberta Dragoons, "A" Squadron, will give their next dance on Monday next, 16th inst., at the Separate School Hall.

The intense cold of the past week seems in no wise to have dampened the ardor of hostesses for giving afternoon and evening parties, nor the high spirits of their guests for turning up as punctiliously as if we were enjoying balmy spring weather. Truly I admire the enterprise of the one and the get-up-and-go of the others.

It is wicked weather, and the only excuse for venturing abroad, from my particular point of view, should be business, and urgent business at that.

The hot atmosphere of tea rooms, after the bitter cold out-of-doors, with a return to it after being half cooked, is providing an unprecedented rush for the doctors, and much discomfort for the sufferers.

Everyone seems to have, or have had, a cold. The main topic of conversation is burst water-pipes, and entre nous, my dear readers, I think that most of us are required at home. Personally I don't much care while such conditions last, if Home and Society news keeps school or no. My enthusiasm is frozen for gadding to parties and teas, while I can have a cheery fire and a cup of the fragrant brew at home for the asking.

I heard of one beautiful incident that happened to a wee boy, the nephew of a well known society woman, early in the week.

The little chap had gone down town for his music lesson, but standing waiting for a car, had his cheek and ear frost-bitten.

He was a brave boy, so he didn't cry, but some men who were passing by noticed him and took him to a nearby tobacco store, and patiently thawed the poor cheek out. It was very painful, as you'll be knowing, but the lad bore it like a Stoic, so one great big fellow, who remembered how it felt to be a boy, gave him seventy-five cents to "get something" to make up. But that wasn't all. Going out of the door, another great-hearted chap slipped a little flat paper thing in his mitt, which the boy thought to be gum, and speeded him car-wards for home. Arrived there, and breathlessly telling his relatives of his exciting experiences, he pulled the mitt off to produce his treasures, to find that the supposed gum was a dollar bill, folded flat.

It's a good old world after all, isn't it? A generous world, where most little children are concerned. The men are gone on their ways, their names unknown, but I'll lay you a bet that boy will remember the incident and pass the deed on himself one day, and I, and those who heard the story, say, "God bless those and all other good-hearted men."

Mrs. Walter W. Hutton will receive at her residence 1305 Peace Avenue, corner of Fourteenth, on Tuesday, January 17th, and afterwards on first Wednesday of each month.

Mrs. Jas. Smith was the hostess of a jolly bridge on Thursday evening.

On Tuesday night Mrs. Howard Douglas gave a smart bridge party in her delightful apartments in the Rene Lemarchand Mansions, five tables engaging in play, and, thanks to the sensible method of arrangement, enjoying a sensible, scientific game. Bridges, for recreative parties, that is, are often little better than mad scrambles, but for the purpose, forming the main object to strive for, and there is a growing feeling that pivoting, or some form of arranging partners with some reference to the game they play, is much the better way.

Mrs. Douglas' plan of two robbers at the head table obviates a great deal of the cause of complaint, and Tuesday's game was correspondingly enjoyable.

The hostess looked very sweet as she received, wearing a deep-seamed, thym-shaded princess gown, heavily braided and with a deep yoke of some lovely fine Blattenburg lace.

A prize was given at each table, and those fortunate enough to win them

were Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Turnbull, and Mrs. Donald Macdonald, who carried away dainty favors in silver and brass.

Just before midnight a delicious supper was served, and those present included Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Dickens, Miss Gouin, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Frank Smith and Madame Cauchon, who with Mrs. Frank Smith assisted Mrs. Douglas.

Miss Gouin, after a very jolly holiday visit with her sister, Mrs. Dickens, left for her home in Winnipeg on Thursday.

The Assembly this Friday in the Hotel Cecil is being eagerly looked forward to by the young dancing set.

Mrs. D. L. Scott entertained at a Bridge on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Loughhead and Mr. Clarence Loughhead, of Calgary, are among

a pleasant interval over the tea-cups before scurrying off to their belated dinners. Quite everyone of the usual tea-going set seemed present, and on every hand one heard whispered confidences of burst water pipes, and kiddies who had colds, and other such matters of primal concern to conscientious house-mothers.

Mrs. Smith received her guests, looking very handsome in a graceful pale blue lingerie frock, with a long chain of turquoise, and the tea-room an inviting rendezvous on this brisk afternoon, was in charge of Mrs. Brunton, and Mrs. Donald Macdonald, the table being most artistically arranged with white hyacinths, fern and shaded candle-lights.

At the mass meeting of the various chapters of the Daughters of the Empire on Thursday afternoon, in All Saints' Schoolhouse, for the purposes of discussing the amalgamation of the Chapters into one central branch, it was almost unanimously decided that such a move would not tend to any advantage and a motion was put and carried against it. Mrs. R. P. Barnes, Regent of Westward Ho Chapter was in the chair, and Mrs. Hyndman, Regent of the Beaver House Chapter, was taking the minutes. Matters of interest to the Order were discussed, and arrangements

made for immediately forming a Municipal Chapter, the officers to be elected from the executives of the local chapters.

A paper on "The Need of Open Spaces" was read by Mrs. Balmer Watt, and the meeting closed, by singing the National Anthem.

The Ladies' Musical Club met on Saturday afternoon in the Separate School Hall, when the following interesting programme was given: Piano Duet - La Ballade.

C. B. Lyberg
Mrs. J. Lessard & Mrs. P. E. Poirier
Song (a) The Two Grenadiers
Schumann
(b) Still as the Night - Bohus

Mr. Stutchbury
Violin Solo - Selected
Miss Edith Webster
Vocal Duet Wander-Nachteilchen

Miss P. Davies & Herr Krakenhagen
Piano Solo Valse d'Amour Schmitt
Mlle Martin.

Song (a) Sapphic Ode - Brahms
(b) Widmung Schumann
Miss P. Davies.

Arranged by Mrs. Slocock and Miss Pinckston.

Mascer Raymond Sifton was the host of a boys' dinner of nine covers on Saturday last, when as many young lads had a glorious time with games and books, followed by a sumptuous dinner. Those lucky enough to be invited were: Masters Alan Harvey, Tommy Cross, Fred Pennick, Jack Marshall, Frederick Wact, Clyde Smith, Rennie Barnes, and Sydney Hardisty.

The Premier's son is a fine manly young fellow, and made many new friends among his playmates on this, his first extended visit to his new home. He left early in the week for his college in Calgary.

Mrs. Swaisland's dance in her delightful residence on Victoria Ave. on Friday evening, was a very smart affair indeed, the most prominent society folk of the Capital being all present in their loveliest gowns, and the charming home surroundings, an ideal setting for such a scene. Mrs. Swaisland, youthful and pretty as the youngest girl present, received in the

easy living room upstairs, her gown of pale pink charmeuse satin, with full lace berthe and crystal garniture, sitting off her vivacious, brunette type of beauty admirably. With her was her mother, Mrs. Metcalfe, looking exceedingly handsome in rich black with touches of exquisite real lace on the corsage, and turquoise ornaments on the decollete. In her hair she wore a white ostrich aigrette. Mr. Swaisland, genial host that he is, was here, there and everywhere seeing to the comfort of his guests.

Dancing took place in the reception and dining-rooms, Shanks' Orchestra, stationed in the hall, furnishing the music, the rooms looking very gay and festive with their Christmas decorations, which were still in place. Supper was served at midnight, but it was the wee sma' hours before the guests, reluctantly departed home, protesting that it had been "a perfectly lovely party," and that they didn't want it ended.

Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull and their guest, Mrs. Rogers of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Scole, the latter looking very sweet in a frock of pale blue striped satin. Mrs. Nightingale in an exquisite white lace robe, and Miss Hudson in becoming mauve satin, Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Smith, the lady in elegant white satin and crystal garniture, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Lines, the lady in green chiffon over a foundation of salmon pink and looking very handsome. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lines, the latter in a stunning gown of gold-headed illusion over pale yellow, Mr. and Mrs. Muir Frith, the lady in cowltop yellow with rich Persian embroideries, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macdonald and Miss Kerr, Mrs. Macdonald in grey chiffon over pink satin with broad bands of the pink on skirt and bodice, with lace and pearl accessories, and Miss Kerr in elegant white brocade, Miss Armour of Toronto, in becoming rose pink. Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, the latter very attractive in a white tulle over a very white satin, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, the lady very pretty and vivacious in white satin, Miss Phyllis Barnes, a dainty belle in a little pale yellow frock, Miss Eleanor Taylor in white satin with crystal garniture, a handsome partner, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardisty, the latter looking charming in white satin, with dew-drop embroideries, Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, the latter very sweet and attractive in white dotted net over satin, with touches of black velvet, Mr. and Mrs. Barford, Mrs. Barford in pretty pale pink satin, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardisty, the latter looking very well in handsome mauve, and Miss Harvey in a girlish white lace gown. There were a great many young men, with whose names I am unfamiliar, but I recognized Mr. Ernie Ferris, Mr. Speita, Mr. Reg. Wilson of Ottawa, Monsieur Thibaudau, Mr. Lister, Mr. Harvey, and many more whose names I have just forgotten.

I hear, with regret, that Mrs. R. B. Wells is very ill with rheumatic fever, but trust that by the time this appears, she will have taken a turn for the better.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Noble of Collingwood announce the engagement of their daughter, Josephine, to E. J. Madden, M.D., of Calgary, Alta. The wedding will take place January 18.

Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Donald Macdonald, and Mrs. Brunton, were the tea hostesses on Thursday at the Ladies' Curling match, when Mrs. Balmer Watt's rink, composed of Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Burke and Mrs. Griesbach defeated Mrs. Frank Smith's rink with Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Jack Smith to go.

Mrs. L. F. Clarry will receive for the first time since coming to Edmonton on Friday, January 20th from four to six p.m., at 383 Twelfth street. Miss Clarry will receive with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cooper and their infant daughter, returned from the Coast on Sunday, and are again in their own home, where Mrs. Cooper will receive on the third Tuesday of the month.

When it is as broad as its long, it must be the square thing.

After an exchange of hot words a coolness is sure to set in.

The spark of love is usually kindled before there is a match.

Some Sidelights on British Politics

A STUDENT OF THE SITUATION CONTRASTS ASQUITH AND LLOYD GEORGE

One who is on terms of considerable intimacy with the Chancellor of the Exchequer has lately told the world that formidable as were the difficulties which the Chancellor had to encounter in the House of Commons during the passage of his famous budget, they were as nothing compared with those which he had to surmount in the Cabinet. Some of his colleagues, we are told, are men of fine mind, some are politically hostile, some cherish "these latent personal antipathies which often arise in public intimacies." Probably the Premier himself can be placed in each of these three categories. He is certainly a man of fine mind, he had never, until the day when he became members of the same cabinet, been even suspected of having much in common with Mr. Lloyd George, politically, and it is pretty generally known that he does not in private life, court his society.

Differed From The First.

The political hostility between the two dates from Mr. Lloyd-George's entrance into Parliament. At that time Mr. Asquith, as Home Secretary, was piloting through the Commons a Welsh Disestablishment bill. The young Welshman proposed amendments with the object of rendering the bill far more drastic, and these amendments Mr. Asquith refused to accept, with the result that the majority supporting Mr. Asquith sank as low on occasions as seven on a measure of first-class importance, thus impairing Mr. Asquith's reputation. Mr. Asquith bitterly resented this slight of his political position, and, though notoriously slow to wrath, he is a man who does not readily forgive an injury. But it was, of course, at the time of the Boer war, that the political antagonism between the two men reached its most acute stage. Mr. Lloyd George championed the cause of the Boers, while Mr. Asquith joined Lord Rosebery in supporting the war, alike in Parliament and on the platform, as both just and necessary. Mr. Lloyd George had taken his political life in his hands, and was not disposed to unlace his words, and he reserved his fiercest scorn and most violent invective for the Liberal Imperialists. Since they have been members of the same Cabinet there have, of course, been no outward recriminations, but, rightly or wrongly, the quid nuncs of the political clubs assert that the occasions of difference between them in the Cabinet have been frequent and serious.

Temperamentally Opposed.

Temperamentally, they have nothing in common. The Premier is cold, weighty, judicial, with the utmost contempt for anything that approaches "high falooty" in speech. The Chancellor is fiery, nimble, imaginative, and he has all the Celt's addiction to language that lingers on the high-flown. Moreover, his view point is always that of one who is himself their life and he knows its drabness, a man of the people. He has lived. He belongs, it is true, to a learned profession, but he never rose to eminence in it, and his practice, down to

the day he became a Minister of the Crown, was quite a small affair. The Premier, on the other hand though indeed no aristocrat by birth, early became accustomed to mingling with members of the governing classes on terms of equality. From school he won a scholarship at Oxford, where he had a most distinguished career and when he was called to the bar—the most aristocratic of all professions—he was looked on as a young man who, with his great reputation as a classical scholar and his renown as a classical scholar and his renown was bound to come to the front. He early attracted the notice of Lord James of Hereford, the most eminent of advocates, and of Mr. Gladstone, the most eminent of statesmen, and his career, both on its legal and on its political sides, speedily became a huge success. In England the barrister always looks down on the solicitor. And the social gulf between the eminent King's Counsel, with his vast army of conferences, retainers, refreshers, and what not in the way of fees, and the struggling Welsh attorney is a very wide one.

Great Gull Society.

For the social environment of the Prime Minister is totally different from that of his most docile colleague. Their official residences adjoin each other, but very different are the two establishments maintained at 10 and 11 Downing Street, respectively. At the former the usual large crowd of footmen and the like which one associates with a fashionable west end residence is to be found. At the latter, the entire household staff consists of three Welsh maids and an Irish boy. Mrs. Asquith is a society lady of enormous wealth, and can number her aristocratic relations by the score, her sons marry into the peerage, and her daughters friends are all among the titled, while Mr. Lloyd George's wife is a lady of his own class in life, to whom fashionable society and its ways form an utterly unknown world, and his uncle, to whom he writes every day, is but a humble cobler. While Mr. Lloyd George is exonerating Lord Milner and Lord Curzon at Limehouse or Mile End, his leader will be dining with them in Belgrave. For it has been remarked that some of the Peers who have been the object of the Chancellor's hottest attacks, happen curiously enough, at the same time to be some of his leader's warmest friends.

Altogether it is not, perhaps, on the whole, surprising that it should be a matter of common knowledge that the Premier and his second in command do not "hit it off." And the personal equation can never be wholly ignored in British politics.

A. R. J. in Toronto Star.

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JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

LLOYD-GEORGE.

aviator's safety depends upon retaining consciousness, and if his gloved hands lose the sense of feeling altogether the machine must soon fall to earth. When Arch. Hoxey after climbing to a biplane to a height of 11,474 feet at Los Angeles made a landing at Dominguez Field he was "be-numbed, speechless and dazed, gasping for breath and blue from cold." Higher he could not have gone except at a terrible risk. Barral and Bixio, ascending in a balloon in July, 1850, encountered at a height of 23,000 feet a temperature of 38 degrees below zero. What has been proved, however, by the feats in altitude of Legagneux, Johnston and Hoxey is that the aeroplane can be taken up beyond the range of rifle fire and so high as to make no target for a field gun.

Somewhat extended reference was made on this page two weeks ago to the disclosures in the Oxford County investigation in Ontario. Since then, the position of the municipal representatives under suspicion has not improved. An ex-warden was, for instance, declared to have asked for and received commissions for his influence in connection with certain purchases. He was given an opportunity of denying the accusation but did not do so. Other members of the council were charged with similar practices. The enquiry is now concluded, and the investigating judge is to make his report at an early date. What will follow if he finds against the men accused?

There have been many cases in which suspicion was very general that grafting existed in municipal affairs, but it is usually difficult to adduce actual proof. One would think that when this is secured, the offenders would be immediately proceeded against in order that an example should be afforded to others who are subjected to similar temptations. But strange to say, the despatches indicate that it is not intended to carry the matter any further, regardless of the nature of the judge's finding. Nor is this all. The following appeared in the daily papers of the East the other day under a Woodstock headline: "The closing of the inquiry has been received with satisfaction by the county. The heavy expense Oxford has been put to for private detectives and counsel has caused some dissatisfaction, and the men responsible for the investigation are not as popular as they were some time ago. A rather significant evidence of the change in sentiment was the defeat at the annual elections of both Vickert and Stauffer, the two councillors who were most energetic in securing the appointment of a Royal Commission. They sought re-election as Reeve and Deputy-Reeve of Blenheim township, and in an election in which the investigation was one of the issues, were left behind."

A more unhealthy state of public opinion could

hardly be imagined. If it is indicative of that of the whole country the prospect for our future good government is a dark one. Canadians have been in the habit of pointing the finger of scorn at their neighbors to the south because of the frequent revelations of corruption that are made there and laying the flattering unction to their souls that things are not that way with them. The fact is that the same diseases of the body politic afflict us as they do the people of the United States, but that we are more disposed to shut our eyes to what is going on.

There has been much denunciation of "muck-rakers." But there is no question that they are needed. Their task is not a pleasant one, but when they undertake it, it is utter folly on the part of those who are suffering from the depredations of men, who are occupying public office simply for the benefit of their own pocket, not to heed it! Why should people object to having their houses entered and their valuables taken away? Why should they prosecute absconders in business life? It would be just as sensible to let offenders of this character get away unpunished, as to sit calmly back and let men grow rich at the expense of the public.

In another part of this issue there is published a paper which was read this week before the combined Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire during the past week. It deals with a subject which has been often taken up on this page, and in which public interest is becoming at last thoroughly aroused, the need of providing more open spaces throughout the city. We cannot afford to let the problem go unattended to any longer. Last year's council made a move towards adopting a comprehensive park policy and it should be one of the first matters that the new body should turn its attention to.

It is satisfactory to note that in connection with the new armories we are likely to have a park. It is proposed to purchase land equivalent to twenty city lots. This is a policy which should be pursued in securing the sites for all public buildings. The buildings themselves are given an effective setting and a breathing spot furnished for the congested population which is certain to spring up in all central portions of the city.

There is little doubt that the additional expenditure which it is proposed to make at the Exhibition Grounds will be heartily approved of when the vote is taken later in the month. The possibilities which are open to the city of becoming a great stock centre are so obvious that it is generally recognized that everything that will help development along these lines should be supported in a thorough-going fashion.

The pure-bred bull sale which is to be held under the auspices of the Exhibition Association on the 20th and 27th of April next should be the first of a long series of such events, which in course of time will rank with the most important in the live stock calendar of America.

thoroughly respectable principles, having regard at the same time to the new carpets and other furnishings.

A committee of leading citizens was formed to celebrate the opening of "the finest opera house west of Toronto," and it was decided to do the thing up swell, for Winnipeg was beginning to be talked about all over the world then as the gateway to the Canadian Northwest. Oh, the night, it was opened! The committee made a deal with a theatrical agency in St. Paul whereby he was to send up an opera company with forty of fifty people, with the proviso that the chorus should be young and pretty, with orchestra, scenery and outfit complete, the contract being for a whole week of opera beginning with a Gilbert and Sullivan opera then in vogue "Iolanthe," and as some of the "boys" were from the old country, it was stipulated that at least one performance of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" should be given. Oh, that opening night!

Did the public shell out? Why, even the navvies working on the C.P.R. construction came in from Pike of Bones, Rat Portage, Selkirk, and Stonewall, rough chaps most of 'em, but flush of money and mad for a spree. The farmers thronged in from the surrounding country, and the Winnipeggers, good Lord, they all wanted front seats. I can't know that a Scotchman was the owner of the theatre on his objecting to my entrance on a pass signed by Charley Sharp. He said plainly that no one should enter my opera house that night unless he paid for a seat. However, the dispute was eventually settled by my taking a chair vacated by a man too drunk to occupy it. But in the pandemonium of the evening I saw but little of the performance.

Transportation was very irregular in the year 1883, and the Hess Opera company had to railroad it from St. Paul, and consequently did not arrive

in Winnipeg until after eight o'clock at night. They were met at the depot by a party of navvies who surrounded them with a volley of pistol shots, and headed the procession to the theatre direct, although the members of the company were both hungry and tired out, but through the exertions of Mr. Sharp they were fed, waited with champagne, and rested, and as the manager of the troupe declared that he would present the opera that night or burn his baggage, the first curtain was raised at ten thirty two hours later than the advertised time.

You can bet the house was full, packed, jammed and running over. There were the big wigs from Government house, the mayor, and aldermen of the city, and everybody that was anybody who could raise the money to pay for a ticket found it convenient to be present. The mayor was supposed to make a speech, to give the Scotch owner of the theatre a send-off for his enterprise, and a newspaper man attempted to recite an ode written for the occasion, showing that Winnipeg was to be the home of art, and the Chicago of the North-west, etc., or words to that effect; but the interruptions were so numerous from a small but belligerent section of the audience that but little attention was paid to the speeches. Once, however, there was a moment's

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boots, up and down stairs when some particularly nice singing was in progress on the stage was at distinct variance with the police views of society as now established in the up-to-date theatres. But every one was intent upon being sociable, and got

door under the footlights. Several quarts of fiz had disappeared, and one young fellow just ripe for any sort of mischief slid from his chair to the floor, and then deliberately pointed a bottle of the sparkling fluid at the leader of the orchestra, and blandly invited him to share its contents.

The leader smilingly bowed again, and amid the laughter of the audience the cork popped, and bliff, fizz went a deluge of the froth and champagne over the nearest box.

It is only fair to say right here that the management of the theatre took proper steps thereafter to maintain proper order and decorum in their extravagantly festive opening with the dignified establishment; but one can't not help contrasting this function which gave to the city The Walls, one of the most elegantly appointed theatres in America, on the night of Monday, February 18, 1907. At this opening speeches were made by the premier of the province, Mr. Roblin, and by the mayor of the city, Mr. Ashdown, and the very splendid performance given by the company of Puccini's grand work "Madame Butterfly." I do not remember of a drop of wine spilled, or drank on this occasion, at least in public.

But to finish with the Princess opening in 1883. The committee in charge of the arrangements feasted the entire Hess company at the Grand Union hotel after the performance had terminated about one o'clock in the morning.

I recollect calling at the hotel about noon next day to see the principal tenor, Mr. Georgt Appleby, with whom I was well acquainted in the old country. He was still in bed, and suffering somewhat from the effects of the banquet, as he stated that he did not get to his room until five a.m. However, we waited an hour or two in renewing old friendship, and in being introduced to the prima donna soprano of the organization, a brilliant singer named Mrs. Abba Carrington, and also to Mark Smith, a fine baritone vocalist who soon after became very popular with the American public. Mary Carrington was then quite a young girl, the promising daughter of a gifted mother, who herself achieved considerable fame as an operatic soprano.

Many alterations and changes for its betterment were made to the Princess Opera House during its occupation by the lessees, Messrs. Seach and Sharp; and through their enterprise perpetual dramatic companies gave regular visits to the city, occasionally headed by "stars" of importance in classical repertoire, some of whom are recognized leaders in the profession to-day.

So not always what you know, but always know what you say.



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LILY BRAYTON, AS JUSTICE.

The symbolic figure of this celebrated English Actress was a beautiful episode in the recent Woman's Suffrage Pageant.

silence, during which the following line was heard faintly: "Or have I dr. . . a draught at fairly well?"

The speaker was greeted with a yell of derision that dismayed him; however he manfully stuck to his task amid the greatest uproar I had ever experienced in a place of amusements. The deadly champagne had done its work during the two hours wait—buckets of it were being sent over from the hotel and lashed out to purchasers in the bar under the theatre.

Evening suits for the men, and dainty costumes for the women were not uncommon even in the year 1883, and surely every man that could afford a swallow tailed coat had it on, for the majority of the occupants of the upper regions had their trousers tucked in their boots, and they gave the members of the committee considerable work in maintaining order. For these gentry drank whisky instead of champagne, and the clatter of their

nature, for, was it not the opening of the "dandies" opera house in the Northwest, christened "The Princess" in floods of champagne and whisky. The scanty Scotch hotelkeeper took in more profits from his sale of liquor than from the sale of theatre tickets.

Oh, what an opening night!

Especially good natured was a party of "swells" in a stage box, and though they were dressed as for a society function its trappings didn't curb that party the least bit. They were doing the reception act during the interludes, and just as the curtains were falling they would show to the people in the audience they knew, "Come round here, Doc," or "You're looking fine Dave," or "Hello Bill, you're wanted. Don't go down stairs, there's plenty of stuff here." Of course there was a break made for this particular box.

I shall never forget the scene in that theatre, and in that particular stage box when the musicians came up for the last act, out of that little

Music and Drama

THE DRAMA IN WINNIPEG IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Pioneer Theatrical History in Western Canada is an interesting study. C. H. Wheeler, the dean of Winnipeg dramatic critics, contributes these reminiscences to Winnipeg Town Topics.

My first practical introduction to theatrical matters in this city was at the opening of the Princess Opera House on the south-west corner of Princess street, at its junction with Ross street, and a most extraordinary affair it was too.

Previous to this occasion I had visited during the year 1882 a low-ceiled hall over the market called a theatre, a scrubby sort of a place, not much on scenery, stage, or fancy fixings, and with a queer smell coming at times from the rotten garbage and green stuff below. There was a balcony in front of this hall in which a brass band of about four to six pieces played about half an hour before every performance, certainly a novelty to a Londoner.

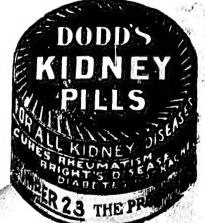
But there was plenty of money in the city then, although the "boom," as it was called in those days, was beginning to flatten; still the shows put on seemed to catch on, that is, if there was plenty of action for it, high prices charged for admission. To be sure the "boys," a familiar term which I soon got used to, didn't strain themselves to hold on to a play like Pyramion and Galatea, for they would sometimes forget their manners when the girl made such desperate drives at the poor fellow that worked her out of marble.

But the women folk of Winnipeg seemed to shun this adjunct to the

city hall; they didn't like the free and easy manners of the "boys," big or little, smoking was allowed and their were too many saloons in the vicinity, making matters decidedly unpleasant for ladies of refined manners to attend the performances. During the year there was much talk among the big fellows about building a million dollar hotel at the corner of Main and Broadway, for the city was growing at a rapid rate, street cars were projected and of course a new theatre was not only resorted upon but acted upon; not too quickly, either, for the old city hall theatre soon tumbled down of its own weakness, and thus was how I came to be present at the opening of the Princess Opera House in the year 1883.

Externally it presented a more imposing appearance than our present Winnipeg theatre, but in reality it was a ramshackle frame building, built on piles and posts with brick veneer on the street elevations. It was a theatre on stilts, for there were three or four stories on the ground floor, the main auditorium being reached by means of a long flight of steps constituting its only entrance. A regular fire trap, badly lighted, with no sanitary accommodation, no cloak rooms, no smoke rooms, merely the bare four walls of a theatre, with gallery on three sides with benches, but more comfortably furnished below in the higher priced spaces.

A canny Scotchman really owned the ground and the building, as well as the Grand Union hotel on the opposite corner, and he had a bit of a place under the theatre itself for the sale of liquor and cigars, although smoking was prohibited in the theatre proper, for it was to be conducted on



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Smith has a lovely baby girl.
The Stock left her with a flutter;
Smith named her Oleomargarine
For he hadn't any but her.

The officials of an American railway have decided to forbid kissing at the gates of railway depots. They will have their time in carrying out the rule, and the man who is called on to enforce it will have to be possessed of singular tact and courage. We haven't yet reached the gate system at our depots so that there is no immediate danger of interference with our osculatory habits, but the

I was too good for the second; then I was married to a Roman Senator, but now I am really married. Edna and I are going to be married for good. We are going to settle down and enjoy the rest of our lives. You can believe me, this marriage is for keeps.
And this was Miss Goodrich's statement:



REITERATION ADDS ITS ARTFUL AID.
Well, Mrs. Stubbs, how did you like sermon on Sunday?
"Oh, I thought it was beautiful, sir, thank you, sir."
"And which part of it seemed to hold you most?"
"Well, sir, what took hold of me most, was your perseverance, sir, the way you went over the same thing again and again, sir." The Tattler.

opinion of the man who officiates at the Vancouver gates is worth recording:

"There is one thing about this kissing at the gates that I think the authorities ought to look into," said he. "It is that there is too much promiscuous kissing. It's all right for married men to kiss their wives, for young couples who are engaged to marry, for brothers and sisters and in some cases cousins, but when it comes to second cousins and friends' wives and sweethearts, I think the line should be drawn somewhere."

"Before I got this job I used to think kissing was a grand indoor sport, but after you see several hundred jobs of kissing done every day for a few months, kissing begins to pall on you. Besides, the railroad station kisses are only counterfeits. They are not the real thing. They generally are only snacks."

"I believe I may be classed as an expert in kissing after five years of daily observation of an average of 300 kisses a day, which makes a grand total of 547,500 osculatory demonstrations I have seen."

When Nat Goodwin, the comedian, took his fourth wife, who on the stage is known as Edna Goodrich, there was considerable speculation as to how long the frame-up would last. Now we learn that Edna is suing for divorce. So perish all the hopes that were entertained when the marriage took place that Nat had abandoned his evident intention of rivaling Henry VIII. Here is what he told a newspaper reporter in 1908:
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become so successful that he had raised upon his farm 1,800 head of gopher, the sleekest and fattest animals in all the country round. His delighted parent replied at once, enclosed a note for one thousand pounds and concluded with these words: "Your mother sends her love, and says she does hope you will be careful and not get hooked by the gophers."

Life reports a conversation between two members of a personally-conducted party on a trip through Europe. "What city is this?" asked the first. "What day is it—Wednesday or Thursday?" "Wednesday." "Then it must be Florence."

There were once two such tourists sailing in the Mediterranean. "Do you see land out there?" asked one. "I think you're mistaken," said the other. "The captain just told me it was Greece."

A young man who had not been married long, remarked at the dinner table the other day: "My dear, I wish you could make bread such as mother used to make." The bride smiled, and answered in a voice that did not tremble: "Well, dear, I wish that you could make the dough that father used to make."

The descriptive reporter of an English paper in describing the turning of a dog out of court by the order of the bench recently detailed the occurrence as follows: "The ejected canine as he was ignominiously dragged from the room cast a glance at the judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

They Had Their Good Points.

Profane and sacred history hold here and there some mystery—Some terrible example that would teach us what to shun. The thoughtful person, maybe, sees as plain as though in A, B, C's,

That all these bad examples had their good points every one.

For instance, as we wonder on we often stop to ponder on The crime that was committed by that wicked person Cain— But when they apprehended him, no expert guard defended him, Nor did he plead to clear himself that he was then insane.

The case of Ananias, too, we think about with bias, too, We cite him as a sample of the evil of a lie— But wrong as was his sore offense he did not give the more offense By saying that he suffered from a lapse of memory.

And Mrs. Lot, who sorrowing, would (ain still) go Gomorrahing. And possibly is standing now a statue made of salt— She didn't claim her turning 'round was to see what was burning 'round, 'She didn't add, 'Oh, just because' unto her other fault.

Goliath, too, that giant man—he was a self-reliant man And went with single purpose to the spot that meant his fate; He didn't think financially and help himself substantially, Insisting on a divvy of admissions at the gate.

Right here with all expedience we frown on disobedience And Absalom the wilful we put in the culprit's chair— He had his faults, he truly did, and was a most unruly kid, But gave no testimonials for a top! for the hair.

Delilah was a plottier, too, and stirred up lots of slaughter, too, And in the Hall of Infamy she occupies a niche— She acted very clammy for her Philistine family, But did not take poor Samson's hair to make herself a switch.

Lucrezia Borgia killed with drugs— fed guests dainties filled with drugs,

And kept old Charon busy while she checked her lengthy list; But though her ways frightened folks no one says she invited folks To come and lose their money in an evening at bridge whist. —Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Life.

SAYS BLACK RACE SURPASSES WHITE.

White Chicago recently bridged the "racial chasm" for an hour and gave the "black man" in the person of Booker T. Washington, the glad hand of Christian fellowship. It happened at the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, and so many wanted to hear the head and front of Tuskegee College, that his own race that long before the programme started the doors were barricaded and admission was denied to as many as occupied the 2,000 seats in Orchestra hall.

The address he delivered was No. 6 of the day in Chicago, and before the applause that rewarded his peroration had ceased, he had slipped through the rear door of the stage and was on his way to keep two other speaking engagements, making eight speeches within fourteen hours.

Although most of his other appearances were before audiences of negroes, there were many colored persons among the Orchestra hall hearers. Some of them occupied boxes, too, and joined in the applause when he proclaimed the dignity of manual labor and the anxiety of the people of his own race to do their share.

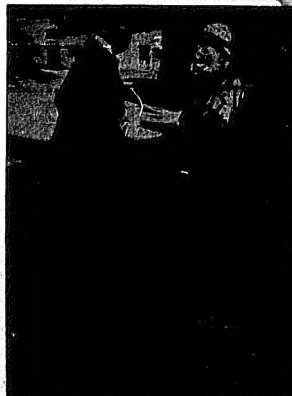
"Instead of wearing fancy clothes," Lynching best? Race riots? Yes, the colored educator said he knew all about those happenings of the south—and less often the north—but he declared that what the people of the north did not hear about, though of vastly more importance and significance, was the progress of the black people, their new respect for industry, the homes they were building and the acres they were tilling.

"Let us be perfectly frank here to-night," he said earnestly. "Many persons are of honest belief that education should be denied the black man. They are in favor of educating every other race. They recall the negro of other days, who graduated from college and came back home waving a diploma and wearing kid gloves and a stovepipe hat. They said: 'That is what a negro becomes if he is educated; let's not make all the blacks like him!'"

"They forget that every race has its silly youthful period. My race is only forty-five years old, yet after several months spent in Europe, it is my observation that the negro race in America is progressing, learning faster than several races in Southern Europe."

In Sicily I found that 80 per cent. of the population could neither read nor write. In Portugal the percentage of illiterate was 90. Yet we blacks, a race in its youth, can both read and write to the extent of 57 per cent. No graduate of Tuskegee—Mr. Washington pronounced it Tuskegee, with accent on the second syllable and "ee" hard—has been sent to a penitentiary. They learn farming—not agriculture—and the young women learn cooking—not domestic economy."

"You do wrong to measure our progress by yours. The negro would not have any trouble keeping pace with Southern Europeans. Yet the progress we are making has been in the face of great difficulties. In some states, the money spent on education of blacks is but a trifle, in one, only 9 cents for each child, yet here in Chicago I suppose the sum is between \$20 and \$25."



The Doctor: You don't feel any better? Well, how's that? Have you done what I said and taken plenty of animal food?

John: "Yes, doctor; but I'll have ter drop it. I managed middlin' well with the oats and maize, and done a bit at split beans; but the chopped 'ay—that was too much—animal food don't suit me."

The Sketch.

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ATHLETIC
WORLD**

His Highness the Jam Sahib, better known to the world as Prince Ranji, the peerless cricketer, made a speech not long ago in presenting prizes to the Pondicherry Cricketers' Club, from which this is an extract:

"I feel I must point out to the members some defects in Indian cricket, which I have seen in Bombay and Poona, where I have watched several important matches. Never let party spirit override your sense of fair play, or good form of manners, and don't be elated by your victory and mock your adversaries. Cricket is one of the great boons of the Government and English people have presented to us, and let us make the best of it. Learn, therefore, to control your temper in times of difficulty, have patience, and, when things are not going right, respect your adversaries and don't abuse them, and never dispute an umpire's decision, or show the audience by any sign that you are dissatisfied. When I started playing in Cambridge my stumps were scattered heaps of stones, and I was laughed at. Again the same happened the next season, and again I was laughed at. But at last I proved successful. The laugh has now come, being on my side in the score. They laughed, but in no country in the world have I experienced the same source of fair play, good comradeship, and good sportsmanship as I have had in Old England. Let us imitate her noble example."

The ideas for which cricket stands are here admirably expressed. Is it surprising that the game which the motherland has given to Australia, South Africa and India, the chief components in the latter two countries belonging to an alien race, has nothing like a firm hold in the greatest of her colonies.

The success of cricket in South Africa is due in a large measure to one man, an enthusiast of wealth, Mr. Abe Bailey who has been the means of introducing many first-class professionals from England. But their activity is limited almost wholly to instruction. Of the team now visiting Australia all are native-born except Schwarz and Nourse, and the former went on to South Africa when quite young. The second test match was won by Australia by the narrow margin of 89 runs. Australia's great victory in the first was due mainly to the magnificent display of that wonderful veteran, Clem Hill, who put together 101 runs, while Bardsley, the premier batsman of the last British tour scored 132.

The recent purchase by Murray Hendrie of Hamilton, a young member of the family which has done so much for horse-raising in Canada, of the Keystone ranch near High River is an event of no little importance to Alberta.

This property was originally owned by big John McDonagh, who pulled out in 1883. Later, Henry Smith took possession of it and having had The Keystone for his boyhood in his former home decided to make use of the same brand and to name his ranch The Keystone as well. Although the land has passed through several hands since Henry Smith's time the name he gave it has never been changed until now when it is to be re-christened and given the time-honoured and well-known name of The Valley Ranch in perpetuation of the farm by that name belonging to William Hendrie's estate, Edmonton, and owned formerly by William H. Hendrie, a conspicuous figure in the matters and several times winner in Toronto of the King's plate.

Now that the Hendrie estate is being closed up, it is the desire of the family that the Valley farm or the name, at least if not the original farm, may continue to be intimately connected with the Hendrie family. In consideration of this A. H. Eckford, of High River, feeling that this really beautiful ranch, so favored by nature

in its peaceful, picturesque surroundings and rich, productive soil, might be a worthy successor to the Old Valley farm as home, negotiated for the property and was successful in securing it for Murray Hendrie, a son of the late Mr. Hendrie, who will endeavor to make it a credit in every particular to the Hamilton farm his respected father valued so highly.

If others, says the High River Times, would follow Mr. Hendrie's example, building not for the day alone, but for the future generations, it would give our country a position of permanency which at present is sadly lacking—for this feeling of here today and elsewhere tomorrow is not conducive to growth or stability either in the place itself or in friendships formed. In this western country where the greed for possession merely for financial gain, has taken so strong a hold on the people, it is indeed a great relief and even a comfort to discover that sentiment is not wholly a thing of the past with us.

To purchase land with the intention of using it to perpetuate an honorable name fully intending that it shall remain in one's family like old silver and family jewels—from generation to generation—is such a rare proceeding in the new west that it makes us stop for a moment in our mad rush, to consider that after all there is something else in life really worth while—and we sincerely wish Mr. Hendrie all possible satisfaction and success in his new undertaking which will be assured him if he makes the same a creditable counterpart of the old Valley farm for which it is named.

(Continued on page eight)

THE CITY'S NEED OF OPEN SPACES.

(Continued from page three.)

Apart from the Central Park, which a wise municipal body secured in the middle of last century, New York has been none too well off, considering its great population. Now it is making a splendid effort, in recent years, at enormous expense to undo the errors of the past. The Bronx, Van Cortlandt and Pelham Bay parks are vast reservations on the outskirts of the metropolis which will become great assets in the days to come. In addition, small squares of enormously valuable land are being set aside where the population is congested. Those might more easily have been secured in the early days. New York's experience in this connection should serve as a warning to us. Central Park, now in the heart of the city, and covering 840 acres, cost five million dollars. Within the last few years, three small areas not far away from it have been acquired for park and playground purposes. The three combined were only ten acres in extent and cost \$5,37,000, over two hundred thousand dollars more than the whole of Central Park.

A score of other American cities might be cited. Two are, however, particularly worthy of special mention, Cleveland and St. Louis, for the reason that there what is known as the group plan has been carried out. The principle of this is to place new public buildings of architectural merit that their attractiveness will be enhanced by their surroundings and so that they may have their full effect in adding to the beauty and dignity of the city.

In Cleveland what is called a mall has been cut out of a central part of the city on which there were previously a large number of poor buildings. This open space has been laid out along the most artistic lines and around it have been built the city hall, the county building, the public library and the post office. At the lower end is the Union depot, so that when the stranger steps into the city he sees it at its best. The advantage of having such a front entrance can easily be imagined. A very similar scheme has been worked out in St. Louis.

When Cleveland undertook this project, it acquired not only the land actually required for the mall and the buildings facing it, but a considerable section adjoining as well. By reason of the improvements made in the district, this jumped away up in value and the city reaped the benefit. It disposed of what it did not want at such an advance in price that it was almost entirely recouped for its whole original outlay. This is a principle which was introduced by Haussmann in Paris. Under his administration, according to Albert Kelsey, "the movement achieved remarkable results and being in a position

to assume title to the improved areas, the increase in value was in a large measure preserved to the community and a clear demonstration given that such gigantic civic improvements, far from being costly luxuries, could be made paying investments."

It has been suggested that this idea should be applied in Edmonton in connection with the present market square. There is no reason why it should not prove thoroughly feasible. If this were transformed into a central park, with a city hall, the post office and other buildings in keeping facing it, it would prove a source of the most genuine civic pride and an inestimable boon to the population in the years to come.

The preservation of this square for park purposes is the matter of greatest urgency before the people of Edmonton today. Other moves in accordance with the ideas advanced in

this paper would be the acquiring of small breathing spots here and there through the central parts of the city. A move has already been made towards acquiring the property on College Ave. between First and McDougall so that for these two blocks at least the river view will not be obstructed. This transaction should be carried through without further delay, which is full of danger. Nor must the high school property be allowed to come into private hands.

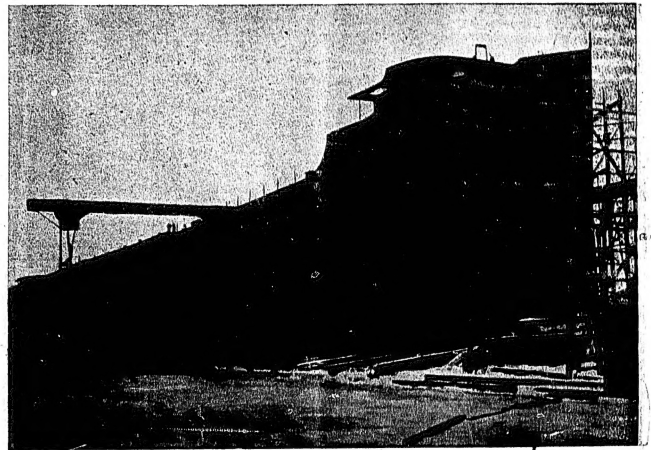
The parks committee of the council has taken steps to purchase the present golf grounds. This beautiful river flat should certainly not be built over.

We deplore the fact that a driveway has not been maintained along the river bank, as has been done fortunately through Strathcona, but we still have the opportunity to secure this on each side of the city.

But what we need most of all at the present moment is competent advice. Let us learn all we can from the experience of the other cities of the continent. In building our hospital we did the right thing in bringing to our assistance the greatest authority on the subject in America. Would it not be wise to pursue a similar policy in formulating our park system?

We have a great chance still to make Edmonton one of the most beautiful cities of the New World. Looking at the matter purely from the standpoint of dollars and cents, is such an ambition new worth while? Every move that other municipalities have made along these lines has been repaid over and over again.

In no way can we better show our faith in what the future holds for us. Let us try to prove worthy of our great destiny.

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Many users of printing are possessed of the idea that poor printing will bring customers to their places of business as readily as the superior product of the printer's art. As a matter of fact you are often judged by the class of printed matter you use. Try the

Saturday News
39 Howard Avenue, Edmonton.

THE INVESTOR

In spite of the low thermometer, and of a bitter, biting wind, the past week has seen no slackening in that field which is of especial interest to the bona fide investor.

The recent purchase of the Hous-ton Estate and the transfer of the well known Tough Stock Farm with a view to their subdivision for residential purposes is significant, when considered in conjunction with other recent purchases of suburban property as indicating the trend of the growth of the city from a residential point of view.

The popularity and attractiveness of Jasper Avenue continues to be the topic of the day in the investment world. The recent purchase of the 50 feet immediately west of the Merchants Bank for \$75,000.00 by Old Country Capital is a good sign and no one would regret if transactions of this nature were reported at the rate of half a dozen a day for some years to come. Mr. Englishman the immigrant may not always register 100 A.Y. at Lloyd's, but Mr. Englishman the capitalist is Chairman of "The Company of Investors," and Canada in general and Edmonton in particular would like to see him not only stay here but strengthen his already strong position as well.

The sale of the present stand, of the Union Bank which was reported the other day at \$100,000 per foot frontage is good news and is another indication that Jasper East is going to come strongly to the front as a business centre.

The sale of the present C. P. R. stand at \$75,000.00 is not only excellent for the city but shows clearly the rapidly with which property in this locality is rising. A week or two ago the C. P. R. purchased the two-story block adjoining their present premises for \$70,000.00, and for it to be possible to sell the adjoining lot with smaller building at an advance of \$5,000.00 is to indicate the measure of confidence that exists in the city's main thoroughfare.

The southeast corner of Jasper and 10th has been disposed of at the rate of \$1,000.00 per foot frontage, or a total of \$105,000.00. When, some 18 months ago, the late owners acquired

this property for \$80,000.00, the "wise ones" were loud in their assertion that the purchasers had been stung, and stung badly. The present day silence of those wise ones is rather amusing—they earned their discomfort and no one pretends to sympathize with them.

The option which has been given on a 100 feet frontage on the south side of Jasper, between Seventh and Eighth, at \$7,100 per foot: a particular interest in indicating that the development of Jasper is not going to be confined to its old boundaries to the east and west of First street. Those of us who believe we can see a little further ahead than the average man, claim that the near future will see Jasper Avenue graced with big imposing buildings for many hundreds of yards on both sides. This confidence is justified, for the outlook is bright and this new year of 1911 is probably going to see big things accomplished in the Capital City of Sunny Alberta.

The most important real estate news of the week is to the effect that the Hudson's Bay Co. will place thirty-seven blocks of its reserve on the market during the coming spring. These are comprised in a strip four blocks wide from Churchill avenue to Norwood Boulevard, and three blocks wide from there to Alberta avenue. This is not a very large proportion of the whole reserve, but the general expectation is that it will be followed up gradually so that before long the whole of this large property will be converted to public purposes. When it is considered that nearly three square miles, close to the heart of the city, has been tied up in this way, the effect on the general real estate market is bound to prove of first-class importance.

The prospectus of the Canadian Wheatlands, Limited, with a capital of \$500,000, has been issued in London. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell & Co. are issuing \$350,000 of this. The purpose is to buy 64,000 acres from the Southern Alberta Land Co. The projectors are Lord Hindlip and Mr. John Dennis, who recently visited

visited Western Canada. Mr. Dennis has a farm of 7000 acres in Lincolnshire, and the principles which he has followed there it is proposed to apply on the Alberta farm land purchased.

The announcement is made that the C. P. R. will complete its Moose-jaw-Lacombe line this season. This must help Edmonton materially. It will give direct connection with St. Paul, the Portal branch continuing the route. With through trains running over this, a large new territory will look to Edmonton as a trade centre, while it must necessitate a larger C. P. R. staff at the terminals here.

It is said that the Duke of Sutherland proposes to erect a home for himself, where he will spend a certain time each year, in the middle of the 1300 acre tract that he has purchased at Brooks. If he has any such idea, one would think that he would be more likely to carry it out on the property he has secured near Lake Wabamun.

The Lethbridge Herald states that Y. S. Shepard, who had so spectacular a career in real estate in that part of the province some years ago, is paying off some of his creditors to the extent of twenty per cent. He was regarded as a wizard in the subdivision marketing business, but the financial stringency of 1907 hit him hard.

A twenty-five foot lot on Hastings street, Vancouver was sold last week at the rate of \$4,000 per front foot.

The 25 by 125 lot between the Dominion and King George hotels on Ninth Avenue West in Calgary, sold this week for \$35,000. A few months ago it brought \$25,000.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

(Continued from Page Seven.) Sunday golf, which is in general vogue through America, has not met with much approval in Scotland. Although played in the neighborhood of the large towns, it is far from being such a popularly recognized institution among the members as it is in England. It is impossible to doubt, however, that the movement in its favor is slowly spreading north of the Tweed. At present a conflict is taking place among the members of the Ranfurly Castle Club at

Bridge of Weir as to whether or not Sunday golf should be sanctioned by the club, no saddles being allowed. At a recent meeting of members it was decided by 120 to 85 votes to sanction Sunday golf, but the opponents of the movement demanded a poll of the whole membership as to their sentiments on the subject, and this was taken. In a statement which has been issued reviewing the position of the club the minority point out that members joined the club with the knowledge that Sunday golf was prohibited, that the club is owner of the golf course, and that, therefore, each member is a part owner of the links. Increased responsibility, therefore, rests upon each member as a part owner of the course as to whether or not Sunday golf should be recognized by the club as a whole.

In a keen and delicate controversy of this kind, where a satisfactory compromise is scarcely possible of achievement, there is a good deal to be said in favor of those members who assume the neutral attitude of saying that, while they do not wish and are never likely to play golf on Sunday themselves, they can see no valid reason why they should interfere with the liberty of others who hold as sincerely different opinions from their own.

All arrangements are well advanced for the provincial Curling Bonspiel which opens in Edmonton on Wednesday next. The total value of the prizes approaches \$3,000, and everything possible is being done to make the occasion one long to be remembered. All parts of the west will be represented.

But yesterday Athabasca Landing was at the outermost edge of the world, the name of a remote and inaccessible place, where the trapper and the Hudson Bay voyageur set sail down the mighty river for the Great Slave Lake and the Arctic Ocean. There is still no railway to the Landing, though steel is not so many miles away, but a strong club flourishes there, and it has material for six rinks. Progress and prosperity are coming to the Landing with the development of a community in Canada—Toronto Globe.

Since Decoteau carried off the Herald road race at Calgary on Christmas Day in record time, the feeling has grown stronger that he should have the opportunity of showing what he can do when up against the fastest men in the country. Few better runners have developed in Canadian athletic history. This is the opinion of many who undoubtedly know what they are talking about.

The local hockey leagues are furnishing a first class sample of the game. In the Alberta League district, the Deacons, Varsity and Strathcona are putting up a strong fight for first honors. On Friday of this week the Deacons play Varsity, and on Monday they meet Strathcona in the city on the south bank.

STARTS THE NEW YEAR A NEW MAN

Quebec Farmer Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did For Him.

They fixed up his kidneys, made his blood pure, and made him feel young all over.

Franklin, Centre, Que., Jan. 9.—(Special) The only way to start the New Year right is get the health right, and Mr. William Gamble, a well known farmer living near here is telling his neighbors how he got his health right. "I am a farmer sixty-seven years of age," Mr. Gamble says, "and I suffered with a weak back and stoppage of water off and on for ten years. I used several boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they made a new man of me. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine I have ever taken." Dodd's Kidney Pills will make a new man of you because they make the kidneys strong and healthy and able to do their work of straining all the impurities out of the blood. Pure blood means new life. It means good circulation and renewed strength and energy all over the body.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all forms of Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease, and they are also doing a great work by giving renewed health and energy to thousands of Canadians who are run-down, tired and generally feeling no good for

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The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange this cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1332.



"Gentle disposition! Why, he wants to bite the head off every dog he meets. I've been swindled."

"You didn't ought to keep dogs at all, Mister. The animals you ought to keep wiv your temperament is silkworms!"—Punch's Almanack.

anything. Start the new year by toning up the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. It will pay you.

KATHLEEN PARLOW.

The Brilliant Canadian (Calgary) Violinist.

The very many admirers of Miss Kathleen Parlow, the brilliant Canadian Violinist, will be delighted to hear that she has had extraordinary successes on the Continent. She recently played at the Kurhaus at Scheveningen and although on this occasion the prices of the seats were doubled the place was packed and Miss Parlow's success was enormous. She played recently in Norway where the press have acclaimed her as being one of the greatest artists that ever visited their country. After the termination of her Norwegian Tour, Miss Parlow returned to Holland for a tour of fifteen towns prior to sailing for a short tour in the United States and Canada. This most talented native of Calgary will undoubtedly have an enormous attendance at her Calgary concert. Mr. Geo. H. Suckling has been fortunate in securing one date for Miss Parlow in Edmonton the last week in February.

Let your dollars work for you—make them earn more dollars—put them into a lot on the Groat Estate—there they will earn a rate of interest which no business concern will ever pay you—why will be perfectly safe—Groat Estate lots are rising in value every day—the demand for them is increasing every day.

The Street Car will shortly run through the Groat Estate—the restless City will then be "just round the corner"—the electric light is being extended through the Groat Estate—the water mains are being extended through the Groat Estate—the telephone service is being extended through the Groat Estate.

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